

TO THE
M E M O R Y
OF THE
Rev^d. Mr. Mordecai Andrews.
A ^K
M O N O D Y.

*Say ye, who best can tell, ye happy few,
Who saw him in the softest Lights of Life,
Oh speak the wond'rous Man! how mild, how calm,
How greatly humble, how divinely good;
How firm establish'd on eternal Truth;
Fervent in doing well, with every Nerve
Still pressing on, forgetful of the past,
And panting for Perfection! far above
Those little Cares, and visionary Joys,
That so perplex the fond impassion'd Heart
Of ever-cheated, ever-trusting Man.*

THOMSON.

L O N D O N:

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ONCE and again, the fault'ring *Muse* has try'd
Her unfledg'd Wing, and upward would have soar'd ;
As oft' depress'd : URANIA heard me not,
Tho' oft' implor'd as Patroness of Song.
True, once she mock'd me : (for I deem'd her just)
And, big with Rapture, at th' enlivening Thought,
Thus, at her bidding, I address'd the Skies :
Thou all-prevailing Pleader for Mankind ;

" Asking for *Laz'rus*, *Laz'rus* rose thine own ;

" Ask now for *Andrews*, *Andrews* shall be ours." •

Thus flow'd my *Ev'ning* Strain, and fondly hop'd
That added Years of usefulness to come,
Would roll in bless'd Succession—Why, *Urania*?
Why thus elate my fond Desires? To plunge
Thee deeper far in *Woe*—Thou say'st the Truth ;
So deep a plunge in *Woe* I ne'er have prov'd.
The *Sun* arose, but rose to tell the World
The *SAINT* was on his Way. Ah me! from whence?
From this dark World, and from our darker Souls
He fled ; and with *Mortality* shook off
Each earth-born Joy that holds us ling'ring here.

Permit me, *Sages*, an Inquiry here,
Which the full Heart, more than the Head inspires :

Yet

• These three Lines were wrote the Evening before his Death.

Yet may perhaps as happily resolve.

Say then (if human Ken extends so far)

Why *Heav'n* should crowd such *Excellence*, such *Worth*,

Acquir'd and natural, in a vigorous *Mind*;

And that into a *Body* so robust;

And crown it all with *Usefulness* so great,

To close at *Thirty-three* : A Term so short

Oft *Vice* itself the Number twice recounts.

Yet, stranger still, ye *Wise* ! this Close decreed,

When *BRITAIN's* Day of *Grace* declines so fast,

That *Sceptic Error*, with wild *Frenzy* draws

Blind Irreligion's deep incumbent *Night*

Beyond the *Hope* of *HELL* ; and bids the *Wolves*

Of *ROME* and *ATHEISM* prowl secure.—

When the faint glimm'ring of the meanest *Star*

Beclouded, should be mourn'd ; then, then to pluck

The brighter from his *Sphere* : How can it be?

But here ye fail! —————

Yet,

Yet, oh! thou SACRED MIND!

Thou canst inform me; I thine Aid implore,
 Not as *Urania's*. Oh! instruct my Soul,
 To read aright the *Lesson* thou hast penn'd:
 And tho' the dark *Enigma* has no Key
 For Minds immur'd; yet, oh my God! 'tis Thine,
 And Thine alone, to strike the *Moral* home,
 "Nor less inspire my Conduct, than my Song *."

Hither ye *Noble, Excellent*, if aught
 Beneath the Skies deserves the gilded Names,
 And such there are †. Come, check the gen'rous Flood
 Awhile, and be enraptur'd at the *Scene*.
 'Twas ye who shar'd his *Hopes*, his *Fears*, his *Sighs*;
 Nay, e'en his very *Soul*; for whom his *Life*
 He undervalu'd, and forgot his *worth*;
 Though vers'd in numb'ring *Merits* not his own.
 Of him I sing; nor have I cause to blush,

E'en

* Dr. Young.

† Psalm xvi. 3.

E'en tho' I bid the imitating *Eye*
 Of *Rev'rend Fathers* copy after him.
 My Witnesses ye are. —————

Ye knew his *Pains*, his *Faithfulness*, and *Love*,
 His *Love* to *Souls*, *immortal* as his own.
 Ye well remember (Oh! the Image strikes!)
 The watchful *Shepherd*, and the faithful *Guide*;
 The frank *Companion*, and the *Friend* sincere;
 A *Friend* that wish'd you well beyond the Skies;
 Nor barely wish'd it, but with *Ardor* fir'd,
 To the *dear Purpose* sacrific'd his *Life*.

Ah my fond Heart! how have I miss'd my *Aim*;
 I thought to cheer, to dissipate the *Gloom*
 That gather'd round me: When, alas! these *Shades*,
 A deeper *Shade* succeeds; so great this Truth,
 " Good *lost* weighs more in Grief, than gain'd in Joy."

And,

And, lost by *Forfeiture*! my aching Heart;
Low in the Dust, pronounces all is *right*.

Forgive me ZION, 'twas a well-meant Song;
Tho' weak my Eye to take an Aim so bright.
He was—but what my Verse has fall'd to tell:
He was—but what!—some tuneful *Mourner* strike
The sounding Note, and tell the World his worth
In happier Strains: I'll thank him with a *Tear*.

F I N I S